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TRACTS

ON

PEACE AND PROGRESS,

BY

JANE E. WEEDEN,

OF THE

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

MOTTO:

"ONWARD, UPWARD, HEAVENWARD!"

TERRE HAUTE, IND.
DAILY EVENING GAZETTE BOOK AND JOB ROOMS.
1872.

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To His Honor, the Mayor,

ALEXANDER THOMAS,

OF TERRE HAUTE, IND.,

AND

To His Excellency, the Governor,

JOHN M. PALMER,

OF ILLINOIS,

AND

TO JUDGE JAMES CALLANAN,

OF DES MOINES, IOWA,

THESE TRACTS ARE MOST RESPECTFULY DEDICATED

BY THE WRITER.

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6-classes 11-26-30 AWM

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POETICAL INSCRIPTION.

To Esther C. Weeks, of New York.

To one whose lineaments I well can trace,
Whose loving presence Christ's own love unfolds,
Whose fitting words and mild benignant face,
My strongest, tenderest recollection holds—
Whose ministry, full twice seven years ago,
Clothed with the power my deepest needs to meet
Unsealed the fount whence living waters flow,
Quickened the force that makes one's life complete,
And in that faith which cannot plead in vain,
Lifted my thoughts to thine own christian plane.

Thou saidst, "sufficient is his grace for thee,
On sea or land, where e'er thy lot is cast,
Who covenants thy changeless friend to be,
When thou shalt do His will and hold His promise fast."
I saw in thee the gospel lived, and heard
It preached by thee with most intense desire,
Till God's own witness in my heart was reached,
And my soul caught the same celestial fire.
Then the great ocean near my home grew small
Compared with heavenly love which overcometh all.

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Such harvesters in all its waiting fields
The world from Satan's wiles would shortly win.
The power that love's triumphant sceptre wields,
Might woo its millions from the paths of sin.
For One hath said "My word shall not return
Void and unfruitful unto me again,
Who wills that in our hearts His word shall burn,
Till of the stubble there doth naught remain."
Through many struggles deepening in the root
Of life, God's trees grow up and bear immortal fruit.

Yet not, what thou art or wast to me
In that far year wherein thy face I saw
At Daniel Halleck's home, 'midst hills and trees,
Or at Friends' Meeting House, in Chappaqua,
Or at Mount Kisco—lake and mount between—
Where nature's hand hath made thy home so fair,
Where moral worth adds its pure ray serene,
And God's own peace pervades the very air.
Not more for these, than that I love my race,
I thank the Lord, when e'er he smiles on me,
Through a sweet human face.

And the long years since then through all the strife
And loss of friends, in quiet or in war,
Have been less bitter—though with changes rife.
Through human hearts is God's divinest law
Most quickly learned, and thou who taught it me
Mayest show the pearl they seek, to thousands more,
In this fair country, or beyond the sea,
Giving, yet still increasing thine own store,
While thy remembered words and virtues, still
In my best deeds their destiny fulfill.

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PREFATORY.

These tracts have been written with reference to promoting the cause of peace.

They are given to the public with a deep conviction on the part of the writer, that the will of God requires the christian workers of our day to press the question of "The Moral Lawfulness of War," upon the consciences of all who are supposed to be capable of any rational considerations for the future prospects of our race.

It is a practical question, in precisely the same sense that duelling used to be. In the early part of the present century, duelling was considered an honorable mode of settling difficulties between individuals. In the days of Burr and Hamilton, the latter lost his life for fear of being branded with cowardice if he declined the challenge of the former. When that brilliant and promising young statesman had been sacrificed by yielding to the force of an imperious custom, then all good people lifted up their voices against that custom. The pulpit, the platform, and the press were determined to break its force; and they broke it, and put it down so low that the acceptance instead of the rejection of a challenge is now branded by society with infamy, and all persons who engage in duelling are branded by the State with criminality.

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That there have been times in which any plan that was, or might have been devised, for the purpose of superceding the war system, seemed hopeless, is not a substantial reason for treating the subject with indifference now. And I believe the present apathy in regard to it would not exist if the subject was fairly brought before the public, and if the people would give themselves time to examine it on all sides.

As we pass around in the community we behold men everywhere busily engaged in the necessary avocations and professions of life. So busy they will scarcely stop to listen to any thing, except the cry of "Fire," each attending to the daily round of duties included in his own special field of toil or contemplation, till war comes and interrupts them all.

When the exigency arrives and there is no remedy, because it is too late; when the underlying causes which naturally and inevitably produce war have been allowed to go on, till the consequence *must* follow; when the fatal climax arrives which must be capped by war and devastation and destruction, nobody feels responsible for the guilt of it. Everybody deprecates, though none can, at this stage, prevent it, and everybody, in some way, must help and does help to "fight it out." When peace returns there is usually a season of rejoicing, and then a general return to the former routine; a quiet settling back into the customary rotations of society. The lawyer returns to his pleading, the merchant to his trading, the carpenter to his building, the manufacturer to his fabricating, the miller to his grinding, and the farmer to the production from his broad acres, of the material that keeps all their mills going.

Thus the war system of the nation is permitted to revolve in the channel of ages, constantly widening and deepening, absorbing more and more of the products of industry, and still augmenting the terrific enginery of destruction.

The insensibility of women to the evils of war, would seem still more surprising. Some writer has r[illegible]ed that it

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is ordinarily so impossible to induce ladies to take any interest in matters outside of their own domestic circles or the circles of fashion and folly, that the chief wonder is how the human race has succeeded in arriving at even its present limited stage of development. But the aspect on our side looks somewhat brighter when we read what our friend—the world's friend—Elihu Burritt, has been writing upon the subject.

I will quote a few of the remarks of our own illustrious fellow-countryman; of the man who understands the use of a greater variety of the implements of labor than any other person now living; one whose lingual, scientific and ethical atttainments are equal to his knowledge of material things, and whose zeal for the good of mankind is not exceeded by the versatility of his talents nor the extensiveness of his mental acquisitions.

"Women have shed their tears to wash out the red foot-prints of war's desolation—they have followed it to its bloodiest fields and bound up its fearful wounds. But these Florence Nightingales are coming up to a new mission. The world has blessed them for binding up the wounds made on the field of battle. How much more will it bless them for staying the hands raised to inflict such wounds? They can and will earn this great blessing. They can and will put a hand on the sword arm of every nation lifted for war, that will stay the stroke."

Are not Burritt's suggestions worthy of our attention? Have the words of the "learned blacksmith" no impression for us? And why may we not act upon them? What hinders us from beginning at once to do our share in this work of prevention, also? John Stuart Mill says: "Custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement." Then, it just now occurs to me, that our work relative to elevating society above the contingency of war, is already begun, for we have begun to break loose from some of our own most deleterious and demoralizing customs. Our custom of silence in regard to tim

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honored evils is broken. Our custom of unquestioning obedience to the dictates of a foreign and corrupt court, in the matter of costume is broken. Our custom of compressing ourselves into the small moulds which society has provided for us is, occasionally broken. And M. Cora Bland, of the *Ladies' Own Magazine*, of Indianapolis, seems desirous of helping to break every yoke that tends to the degradation of our sex.

For the reason that no human beings, except infants, idiots and insane people are absolved from moral obligations, none but persons of these sorts can justly turn away from the cause of peace as if they were powerless to promote it. Consequently in our efforts to advance its objects, we solicit the consideration and patronage of those whose interests it affects. Parents and children, teacher and pupils, pastor and congregation, legislator and constituents, general and soldiers, mayor and citizens, governor and people.

Such a work should bring into near fellowship the most disinterested christians of all denominations, and include in its society a large proportion of those who have the warmest hearts in them, of every sect and party and circle of humanity. We have already been much encouraged by the interest manifested and the contributions given by Governors Conrad Baker of Indiana, John Palmer of Illinois and Samuel Merrill of Iowa. Also of several of the ex-Governors of these States, and such men as Barnabas C. Hobbs, of Bloomingdale Academy, President Bowman, of Asbury University, Judge James Callanan, Hon. Jonathan Cattell and Senator Wright, of Des Moines, Iowa. George Fisher, a christian lawyer and Collector of Customs for the port of Cairo, and B. F. Spaulding, of Rockford, whose rule of life is never to omit an opportunity for doing good.

The increasing tendency of the age to independence of thought and action, and the growing disposition on the part of the people to investigate and consider every worthy subject

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that is introduced to their notice, is especially encouraging to those engaged as public agents in the cause of peace. No cause will bear investigation better, and I am so well satisfied that to be appreciated and sustained it has only to be thoroughly understood, that I earnestly request every one who may read these tracts to procure some of the more extensive publications that have been written upon the subject. "Dymond on the War System," "Beckwith's Peace Manuel," "Frederick Sebohm on International Law," and "The Book of Peace," which includes the essays of William Ladd and Prof. Thomas C. Upham, on the subject of a "Congress of Nations," are all works of value, and could not fail to interest any person willing to try to help solve the question, "Can anything be done to lift our condition above the barbarism of war?" The Rev. Amasa Lord, of Elgin, Ill., who has lately begun to extend this organization to the West, will make any one acquainted with matters appertaining to this question who choose to correspond with him. This man, who was for many years a successful agent of the American Bible Society, is now Western Secretary of the American Peace Society. The fitness of the man who has been among the most zealous of the disseminators and defenders of the Bible, for the work of aiding the world in the application of its great principles to the amelioration or eradication of one of the world's great evils, will be obvious.

The first time I ever heard him present the claims of the cause was at a Union Peace Meeting, held at Richmond, Ind., in 1869, in which he was joined by William G. Hubbard, of Ohio, and Elva Gause, of Indiana. I was glad to see a prospect opening before me for engaging in such a work of faith. And in the spring of 1870, I joined my friend and neighbor, Francis C. Jenkins, a minister of the gospel, of Onarga, Ill., who was already engaged in the work. Brother Pearson, of Danville, Ill., was also with us at Tuscola and Pesotum, and in

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Cyrus Moon's neghborhood, where we lectured at the M. E. Church and school house, sold peace publications and gave away peace tracts, and where our visits and talks and books were generally well received. We afterwards parted company, and I visited Neoga alone, where I was assisted by friend Joseph Kenworthy in getting arrangements made for holding meetings, both in the town and country, and by Rev. W. B. Farris, the Presbyterian pastor, in developing the subject to the interest of the audience, which was quite as necessary.

Since that time I have visited sixty of the principal towns and cities of Illinois and Iowa, and six in Indiana; in some of which I have met with much hospitality and christian fellowship and with more or less encouragement in all of them. In a few places, however, I have paid all of my own expenses, board and advertising included, given my address and peace tracts to the people and left them to consider the merits of the cause at leisure. I heard from one of these places afterwards, a hint that if I would ever come back my reception would be different. It is very possible that an abrupt or intangible presentation of the cause might have produced a revulsion of feeling on the part of some, and I do not blame those who have not apprehended the practicability of such a work, if they are open to conviction. But there are persons who are as unfair in their judgment of the merits of this cause as it would be to decide upon the palatableness of the oyster by soup made only of the "empty oyster shells." It was necessary, they say, to suppress the rebellion. The Peace Society existed in Boston before that, and it could not prevent the war, therefore the Peace Society's principles are impracticable. Well, Dr. Stone lives in Terre Haute, but I do not believe the citizens find fault with him for the inefficiency of his remedies before they take them. The rebellion was the natural cansequence of the causes which produced it. These causes were not confined to any locality.

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Forty years ago, the late John Keep, one of the venerable fathers and founders of Oberlin, and who is worthy of immortal honor for giving the casting vote of the Committee, to make it such, was compelled by the pro-slavery prejudice of the North to go to England for the purpose of procuring assistance to rear the walls of the first anti-slavery college ever built in the United States. The same spirit of caste and avarice and the same motives moved on, impervious to the lesson of Pharaoh or any of the other teachings of the history of the Old World, or of the rising spirit of liberty in the New; not willing to learn from the ancient or modern dispensations of his providence, that *God is invincible.*

Those who foresaw the coming of the storm, put forth every possible effort to avert it, but too late. And when all the overtures of humanity had been rejected, and the South encouraged by a large number of people in the North and some on the other side of the sea, struck the blow that inaugurated the "wager of battle," then all the friends of liberty and peace, even those of them who would have preferred dying a violent death themselves, to killing any body else, were in sympathy with the Government, and it was the general opinion of all the disinterested good people on the globe, that whoever aided in trying to dismember this Union and to reduce the United States of America to the level of the disintegrated, dissevered and contending States of Continental Europe, were not the enemies of the North alone, but they were equally the enemies of the South, and the enemies of the world.

When the war was over those who had deprecated it the most, including many of the bravest of those who engaged in it, were the readiest to restore the harmony of the country and to take measures to prevent rebellions in the future. Conceding the necessity for the sacrifice of the million of men of our nation and of this age that were killed or crippled for life to serve the

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country, who shall tell us we ought to make no special effort to save the sons of these patriots from a similar fate? On the contrary if it was necessary for my brother to perish that the country might be saved, I feel that I ought to put forth greater efforts in co-operation with the other friends of humanity, in order to make it *unnecessary* for the young son of this brother ever to perish in like manner. I believe the necessity will be obvious to the considerate of working, not only in this way, but in all other ways that are in the least hopeful, to foreclose such necessity in future. And in this transition period, it not only *is* necessary that all who for any reason, depreeate the war, should try to help prevent it, but it is necessary for some to make *sacrifices* on this account. As my friend Martha Callanan, of Des Moines, wife of Judge Callanan before referred to, remarked, "It is necessary for some to go around, as well as for others to remain at home." She said, "if we should all go around, there would be no homes to go to, you would have no one to entertain you, no place to stay over night. If we should all stay at home things would always go on in the same old ruts."

In mental and moral scope this lady is similar to my missionary associate, Hannah Hughes, of Medina, Ohio, with whom I taught in the Freedmen's Schools of Clarksville, Tenn, in 1864 and '65, without a dissenting word; and both are like Relief Rand Barber, of Polo, Ill., whose labors as matron at the Insane Asylum, near Boston, for many years were crowned with uncommon success in relieving or restoring the unfortunate, and who is no less zealous in helping to build up the best interests of the beautiful village in which she now resides, contributing to its churches, libraries and schools, and yet making these home interests no excuse for slighting the calls of the more general causes of humanity.

I sometimes become discouraged but when I meet with such persons as these I immediately "take heart again," and I feel no

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less thankful to the Giver for their influence in the work, than for their personal friendship, for I am pretty well assured that just in proportion as "the thoughts of men are widened" is the prospect for the success of such a cause greatened. In truth there is no aspect of society more cheering than its present outcoming tendency from all local and sectarian prejudices. "Liberty of conscience" is established, and the essential oneness of all true christians conceded. All the branches of the Protestant Christian Church are in fellowship, and when her Father Hayacinth shall have reformed the Roman Catholic, when the despotism of Popery shall have met with its complete downfall, and primitive, which is the same as Protestant Christianity, shall have been fully restored, we shall be in fellowship with her too. And the more I see of the progress of these irresistible forces which are rolling on, and increasing in power to break every yoke of oppression, the more I am in sympathy with the sentiment recently expressed by the Governor of California, that our globe will yet be "clothed with an intellectual and moral glory equal to its material wealth and power."

It has not been the least encouraging feature of this work of promoting peace, that not only ministers of the gospel and leading evangelical men have patronised it, but also, the bravest and the manliest of those who went to war from patriotic motives when the country was in danger. Governor Palmer, of Illinois, was one of this class. He expressed his approbation of the work and gave a liberal donation to the Peace Society, the first time he was solicited.

General Harding, of Monmouth, donated five dollars and said he wanted to help prevent all wars that could be prevented for he had seen the bloody drama twice enacted, having been through the Mexican as well as the Southern campaign the more he had seen of the sanguinary fields, the more and detestable they had looked to him.

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General Baker of the Iowa State Arsenal, said he wished the Peace Society much success, and accompanied his good wishes with a couple of dollars. Colonel Smith, of Shelbyville, Ill., purpurchased one of the society's publications, remarking that it was but fair to investigate the subject, and if anything could be done to prevent wars or rebellions it certainly ought to be. General Oglesby, ex-Governor of Illinois, told me that war was something he hated, despised, abhorred, and had been made heartily sick of, but he said we could not have peace without justice. He donated five dollars, and when he put his name in my canvassing book he added the word "justice," in the column for remarks. The 9th stanza of my poem on "Progress," is an embodiment of his suggestion.

"The Army of Reform" is composed of many regiments, and when I was at Monmouth, Ill., and in Cedar county, Iowa, I found a large number of the Temperance Class. At Tipton I was informed that no license to sell the obnoxious whisky was granted in the county. Those who are opposed to whisky are generally in favor of peace. It was especially the case in Cedar county, Iowa, where the compliments and contributions of the Good Templars were the inspiring genius of the 10th stanza of my poem.

The 11th was written in Terre Haute, at the white brick house on Chestnut street, while friend Sackrider was attending and contributing at the first Relief Meeting held in this city for the benefit of the Chicago sufferers, after the great fire.

As I am about to conclude this peace tract—Christmas day, 1871—I remember a promise I made on New Year's day of this year, to Moses and Belinda Rich, with whom I dined that day, to Richard and Lucy Pinkham, with whom I took breakfast last New Year's, and to Jacob and Libby Burnside, with whom I took tea. Yes, I remember you—I never forget my friends, though I often neglect them—and I never break my promises if

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it is possible to keep them, though they frequently get deferred. I remember you all, and I remember Richard and Lucy Pinkham took me to Sweet Land Meeting House, where we heard a sermon preached by Isaac Robson, of London, and an exhortation from Hanna Bean, one of the Sandwich Island Missionaries. This was the morning service. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock, I delivered a New Year's Peace Lecture at the Sweet Land School House. I recollect at a previous lecture or peace meeting at the Congregational Church in Muscatine, Rev. Dr. A. B. Robbins remarked that as many Iowa men lost their lives in putting down the rebellion as the number of the inhabitants, including men, women and children, of the largest city in Iowa. I also remember the motto of one of your ministering women friends, "Onward, Upward, Heavenward." Please inform Annabella Winn, that with her approbation, I will adopt these three words as the motto of my first peace pamphlet.

If I hear a New Year's sermon in Terre Haute, it will probably be preached by Rev. J. .W Green at the M. E. Centenary on Seventh street, by Rev. E. F. Howe or Rev. Dr. Jewett, at the Congregational on Seventh street, or by Rev. Alex. Helton, at the United Brethren Church, corner Fourteenth and Chestnut streets. I shall probably dine with my cousins Edwin A. and Rachel Weeden, who reside on Otter Creek Prairie, eight miles North of Terre Haute, on New Year's day, 1872.

I remember, at this time, all my friends and the friends of the cause of peace, from my native Island of Conanicut, near Newport and the sea, to the young and enterprising Des Moines, the city of the beautiful bluffs, which is as far West as I ever have been, or have any relations that I know of, except sister Slusser's kind. She says we are some relation to everybody.

My poetical inscription, at the beginning, refers to a person whose simplicity of life and lack of pretension, are equal to the purity and benignity of character which I have ju

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to her. I cannot think of any one whose character is more incongruous with carnal warfare or better calculated to remind us that "the glory of our being is the deathless soul we bear."

She lives in the beautiful Westchester country, forty miles North of Manhattan, where the summer sun-set clouds crown the cascades of the classic Hudson with their resplendent hues. Her home is not far from a town on the Harlem R. R., called Mount Kisco, and quite near that celebrated lake, which being itself constantly supplied by living springs, is constantly running into Croton Reservoir and supplying New York City with water. Spiritually she always seemed to me to resemble that clear and unfailing lake, and perhaps it is by the law of association that I am enabled to recollect a sermon that I once heard her preach from the text, "All my springs are in thee."

I have reason to remember everything she ever said in my hearing, most of which was in 1857 when I taught a summer school on a similar elevation to the one where my young friend, Ann Stevenson, teaches this winter. Ann's school house is situated on Spring Hill, in Vigo county, Ind., and is in the neighborhood of Rose Hill Church, where the Rev. Jacob Musser preaches; and mine was on one of the hills of Chappaqua, in Westchester county, New York, in the neighborhood of a meeting house where Esther C. Weeks sometimes preached, and where we sometimes worshipped in silence.

Heard I then with wrapt emotion,
Heavenly truths through human voice,
And in silent, sweet devotion,
Made the way of life my choice.

In that house, I here may mention,
Once my conscience felt the rod,
When our friend applied this question,
"Have we done the will of God?"

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Here's the spring of every effort
  Made by me for human weal.
For the soldier or the freedman,
  Or for peace in this appeal.

This is why I cast my atom
  Of endeavor on the side
With the friends of Christian progress,
  Wheresoever they abide.

On that question which she asked us,
  In Westchester long ago,
Turned my hopes and aims for always
  In God's strength His will to do.

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THE CAUSE OF PEACE

THE CAUSE OF PEACE means associated effort for the specific purpose of doing away with the custom of war between nations.

The object of the organization known as the "London and American Peace Societies," is to collect the scattered forces of the army of peace-makers into one center, in order to give direction and efficiency to the exertions of that constantly increasing number of christians, who perceive and feel their obligations to promote the peace of mankind.

Peace universal, was predicted by the prophets as one of the peculiar glories of the Messiah's kingdom. Peace, was the song of the angel messengers that announced his advent. It was also understood to be the doctrine of the gospel by those who lived in the first centuries of the Christian Era. Peace has had its witnesses and adherents in all ages of Christianity, and its martyrs in some of them. But when the church began to apostatize; when she began her conformity to the idolatrous and demoralizing customs of pagan Rome, this principle was gradually lost sight of by almost all the people, and was not revived during the long dark ages that ensued, except in the consciences and lives of such as even dared to die for the testimony of the truth. It was after the beginning of this apostasy that a young christian by the name of Maximilian, was brought

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before Dion, the Roman pro-consul, to have his name enrolled as a soldier. This young man refused to have his name enrolled, on account of his religious profession. Dion told him there were christians among the life-guards of the Emperor, and they fought. Maximilian answered, "*They* know best what is expedient for them; but I am a christian, and it is unlawful to do evil." When arguments and persuasions had failed to move him, and sentence of death was pronounced upon him for his refusal to bear arms, he replied, "Thanks be to God." And when he was led to the place of execution, though he was little more than twenty years old, he spoke thus: "My dear brethren endeavor with all your might that it may be your portion to see the Lord, and that he may give you such a crown." Then with a pleasant countenance he said to his father: "Give the executioner the soldier's coat thou hast gotten for me, and when I shall receive thee in the company of the blessed martyrs we may rejoice together with the Lord."

Erasmus, in the Reformation, takes notice of the almost entire absence from the minds of his cotemporaries of any compunctions of the sort. Hence we find in his writings such expressions as the following: "War is considered so much a thing of course, so much sanctioned by authority and custom, that it is deemed impious to have borne testimony against a practice in its principle most profligate, and in its effects pregnant with every kind of calamity." It is evident that the reformers did not stand upon public opinion, neither could they have hoped for the immediate success of the doctrines which they promulgated, but such utterances

> **"Revived the hopes which cast**
> **Their faint and trembling beams across**
> **The blackness of the past,"**

and lighted up the future with more brilliant prospects.

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George Fox and John Wesley gave ample testimony of their faith in the doctrine of peace as being applicable to nations, as well as to individuals, in their intercourse with each other.

But the thought of organizing a Peace Society appears to have originated with David Bogue, a D. D., of London, who preached a sermon on the subject in that city when the first Napoleon was at the acme of his career, and before the close of that long series of battles which ended at Waterloo, and distinguished the Island of St. Helena, and which is computed to have cost Europe forty thousand millions of dollars. In the discourse referred to—delivered in 1813—Dr. B. appeals to the people in these words: "When we live in an age of societies, to combine individual effort for public benefit, why should not one be formed for promoting peace among the nations of the earth?" He further evinces his conviction of the great need of specific effort to abolish war by the following ejaculations, which doubtless were uttered as a prayer of faith, and were answered in the formation of the London Peace Society in 1815. His words were, "O that God would call forth some wise, pious, enlightened, ardent philanthropist, who shall form this determination in his heart and carry it into execution. To convince mankind that christianity forbids war, to banish the idea of its lawfulness from their creed and the love of its practice from their hearts, and to make all men seek peace with their whole soul and pursue it with all their might, till it establish a universal reign over human nature, shall be the grand object of my existence on earth." After declaring it to be his belief that the blessing of heaven would descend upon those who should become willing to devote themselves to the destruction of this monstrous foe of human happiness, he calls upon all his brethren in the ministry to lift up their voices for the peace of the world, and upon all the christians to co-operate with them in the diffusion of these benevolent principles.

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Not long after the delivery of Dr. Bogue's discourse, Rev. Dr. Chalmers, of our own country, expressed his faith in the accomplishment of the prophecies concerning peace, "by the philanthropy of thinking and intelligent christians." Then Noah Worcester, a clergyman of New York, delivered an address, called "A Solemn Review of the Custom of War," which has since been printed and stereotyped by the Peace Society. Soon afterwards a Society was formed in New York—in 1815—about six months prior to the London Peace Society before named. These were the first Peace Societies of modern times.

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY

Was founded by William Ladd, and was organized at Boston, in 1828.

This society is loyal to the government and believes in sustaining it.

Its object is to illustrate the inconsistency of war with christianity—to show its baleful influence on all the great interests of mankind, and to devise means for securing universal and permanent peace. For this purpose it seeks to form a public sentiment in favor of superseding war by peaceful expedients, such as mutual forbearance, negotiation, arbitration, and a Congress of Nations. It assumes no extreme, untenable ground, and invites the co-operation of all.

It operates for the accomplishment of its objects, just like any other society formed to remove a gigantic evil, viz:—by bringing the truth to bear on the custom of war. It publishes a monthly periodical—*The Advocate of Peace*—which ought to be read in every family. It has on its catalogue nearly 100 volumes and tracts written with great ability, which it scatters to the extent of means furnished for their circulation.

The society maintains correspondence with the friends of

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peace in other countries, watches against the approach of national hostilities, and strives to avert them by timely remonstrance and other means of prevention.

It endeavors to enlist in this cause, the christian pulpit, the periodical press, the educators of youth, and indeed, the whole population.

It employs agen's and canvassers to bring the cause before the people by public addresses and the circulation of its publications.

It is the friend and promoter of every other good cause, for war cripples them all, and produces intemperance, profanity, robbery and murder, while it checks the progress of education, liberty, morality and religion.

It is sustained chiefly by donations, by life memberships, life directorships, the sale of its publications, and by subscriptions to the *Advocate of Peace*. The payment of $2.00 constitutes the donator an annual member of the American Peace Society; $20 a life member, and $50 a life director. One dollar per annum in advance, is the terms of the *Advocate of Peace*. Life members and directors will receive a beautiful certificate from the Secretary or Agent of the society, and will be entitled to the *Advocate* and any valuable pamphlets or tracts published by the society for general circulation, during life. The Society has a small permanent fund which ought to be greatly increased. It had small means for the accomplishment of its objects, and many and various obstacles in the way of its success previous to the abolition of African slavery in the United States. But since that time and especially since the late devastating war in continental Europe, it has increased its operations.

The manner of the settlement of the Alabama Claims proves that war is unnecessary, hence it may and ought to be abolished.

"Anything of a moral nature that ought to be done *can* be done," says the moral philosopher, to which I would add,

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whatever ought to be done, and can be done, every moral being ought to help and can help do.

The deduction is clear and simple, we all can help do away with the custom of war, and if we do our duty it will soon become at least as much a thing of the past as dueling now is.

> The heirs of all the ages, we
> May with our own, combine
> The thought pearls, that, through count'ess years,
> With added lustre shine.

The most beautiful pearls of this kind are those that express the sentiments of persons desirous of promoting peace, and when I read the literature of peace, from the Bible down, I feel thankful for the invention of the magic art that brings to us the product of the intellectual processes of the former ages, and the mental and moral wealth of the past. And I bless God for the art which enables us to scatter our own best thoughts, on its steam-pressed leaves, wherever human intelligence may be found. Far better than the Egyptian art of mummifying dead bodies, is this printing art, stamping with immortality the conceptions and principles of living minds.

This is the very lever the ancient philosopher wanted, and which modern philanthropists *have*, with which to move the world. It tells us the story of those moral heroes, who, mightier than Archimedes, have stood, not upon the popular sentiment of their times, but upon the eternal truth; upon Christ Jesus, the Rock of Ages; upon the Moral Law, both of the Old Testament and the New, and with the lever of divine truth, according to the will of God, have moved the world and have kept it moving from the corruptions of idolatry and polygamy; from the oppressions, ignorance and universal contention of the feudal ages, and from the depths of sensuality that debased the intellect and paralyzed the moral sensibilities, up to the light, liberty

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and hopefulness of the present. If by the help of the Lord such men as Luther, Melancthon, Rogers, Fox, Wesley, Howard, Asbury, Wayland, and others of kindred character have relieved the people of their times from many of the evils which afflicted them, why may not we of the present, by so much as our facilities for these good works are greater than theirs were, move it faster than they did? Why may we not move it out from under the crushing weight of the war system with all its burdensome taxations and barbarian enginery of destruction, into the glorious realm of peace and beneficence promised under the gospel dispensation? I have occasionally heard such answers as the following: "You can't do it;" "The world is growing worse;" "Things are getting worse and worse every day;" "Verily, these are the days of degeneracy; the good old days are gone never to come back any more!"

But I never saw any of those persons who would have been willing to go back to the days of personal dueling and be murdered as Alexander Hamilton was; or to the days of witchcraft and be drowned if they could not swim, or be hanged if they could. I never saw any of those lamenters over the good old days, that would like to have gone back to the days of bloody Mary and been burned at the stake, or further back to those of the power of the inquisition, to be broken upon a wheel, or tortured upon a rack, or to be immured in a living grave, inclosed by the masonry of a dungeon's walls, till, by the slow and painful processes of hunger, cold, nakedness, and other horrors and privations—such as the imagination of the men of our times can scaarcely form the faintest conception of —to stay there alone and unattended, save by the spectres of despair, till the last flickering ray of life was spent, and the poor suffering body found glad repose in death. No, I think they all, upon mature deliberation, would prefer the present; and as far as I am concerned, I am free to confess that I as

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greatly prefer *these* days, when persecution and personal dueling are put under the ban of our higher civilization, to any of the periods of time to which our history goes back, as I can imagine some who will live in the future, will prefer *their* times to ours; —times when war, the great duel of nations, which now holds high carnival among the Kingdoms of the earth, will be put under the ban of a civilization as superior to ours, in enlightenment and moral sensibility, as ours is superior to the moral code and practice of those who lived in the very midnight of the dark ages. And I am more and more elated with my present condition and prospects, every time I review the records of the dark past, and feel more and more inspired with grateful emotions, that,

> Not with the martyrs far away,
> In darker ages past
> But with the workers of to-day,
> My happier lot is cast.

My appeal, in behalf of the Cause of Peace, therefore, is:

To those who believe the world is growing better and intend to help it on in this direction.

To those who believe in the corrigibility of human errors and mean to help reform them.

To those who accept the doctrines of the christian religion, and believe in their practicability.

To those who believe in *this* principle, that because war is inconsistent with christianity and the true interests of mankind, it ought to be abolished, and mean to abolish it.

To all those persons who perceive, in some degree, their moral obligations, but think they can scarcely take time from the cares of a life constantly busy in building up the world's material interests, and in providing for their own physical wants, to analyze the moral needs of their time, or even to interpret the handwriting of God on their own hearts.

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My appeal includes every individual of my own sex who has attained to the years of moral accountability, in the relation of mother, wife, sister, or daughter, because every woman occupies one or more of these relations, and is liable to have her nearest and dearest friends destroyed, by means of the terrific enginery of death that awaits the men of all nations till the world's war system is superseded.

And in these introductory peace tracts I answer for myself, as best I can, to a paragraph of an appeal for universal peace made to women by an English divine more than fifty years ago. Dr. B., the author of that appeal, has long since passed from earth, but his words have been preserved for our learning; they come down to us through all the circling years of more than half a century, and they still ask us when, or in which of our works we have come forward as the champions of humanity, as the advocates of peace. He said to the woman of his time, "You are silent." But if he should return to this planet now, he would find the silence broken by Julia Ward Howe and others, and likely to be broken more and more by the sex of whose silence he complained.

It is hoped that Harriet Beecher Stowe will write upon the subject of peace, a companion book to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for it is fit that those who have been liberty's ablest champions should also come forth as leaders in the van of this great and sorely needed reform, with voices that shall resound through the coming ages. And in a more glorious work than that of breaking the chains of the war system, neither men nor women, nor even angels have ever yet been engaged.

A heavier bill of indictments with a greater number of specifications was never found against any giant crime, than can be brought, at short notice, against war.

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WAR

Has destroyed more than fourteen billions of human beings.

It has made thousands of widows and tens of thousands of orphans.

It has made hundreds of thousands of helpless, hopeless, life-long cripples.

War causes its votaries to break the first commandment in the Decalogue. It is a companion to the custom of idol worship of pagan Rome in the days when conquering heroes were deified and worshiped as Gods. Constantine himself, was scarcely more than a mocker of Christianity. He introduced into the Church many of the pagan customs in which he had been brought up. He did not dispense with the blasphemous tiltes of Divinty which had been given to his predecessors. After his death he was considered also a God, and Philostorgins says that nominal Christians who followed him prayed to and worshiped him as such. Thus the first and second commandments were both broken by many professed Christians of the fourth century. It is difficult to determine how they can be perfectly kept by those who are oath-bound to obey men rather than God. "Ye cannot serve *two* masters;" is a declaration that was uttered long ago by one who knew what he was talking about. And how implicit and absolute must be the obedience of every soldier to his superior officer! "A man cannot exercise his own judgment, nor be governed by the dictates of his own conscience," was an expression contained in the first letter of an ingenious young soldier to his mother in the time of rebellion. No! a man in the service must worship the war-god and only *his* laws obey. Though the voice of God in his own breast tells him to save his brother's life, he cannot do it if the voice of war tells him otherwise He cannot even save his own life. However blun-

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dering or unreasonable the voice of command may be, it must be obeyed. Think of "the six hundred riderless horses," whose riders were sacrificed in time of the Franco-Prussian Duel; and of another six hundred, who were sacrified in the Crimean war; and which Tennyson commemorates in a poem, entitled "The Charge of the Light Brigade!"

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not, though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

And how many more hundreds, or how few, shall ride into the valley of death, depends upon the efforts we choose to make to save them from such a fate.

The third commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," is generally broken in war, though a few citizen soldiers who always deprecated war and only consented to engage in it, for a time, from motives of patriotism, may have kept it. We *know* some of them did, but I have heard many a Christian man, who was in the service, declare that the tendency was almost always the other way.

The fourth commandment never pretended to have been kept in any war, that I ever heard of. And the custom has been not only to perform unavoidable military duty, but dress parade, and military reveiws, and other manœuvers unnecessary to have been done or to be here named, were practiced quite as often on the Sabbath as on other days.

The fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is more often broken in time of war than at other times, as many a brokenhearted mother has testified in my hearing.

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The sixth commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," is broken, always, in every war, by the killing and crippling of as many men as possible, on both sides.

In regard to the seventh commandment, it has often been observed that war is the greatest foe to virtue, and that a standing army is a standing curse, and a standing moral corruption in any community where it exists.

Eighth: "Thou shalt not steal." Written by the finger of God! Broken by man's system of legalized robbery—the war system. There never was a war carried on without stealing on both sides.

Ninth: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." In time of war false witness is the most current kind that goes on, and international mischief-makers are more busily engaged at such a time in alientating the friendship of nations, than the babbling slanderer commonly is in exaggerating petty feuds between neighbors and kin-folks. We had sorrowful proof of this during the rebellion when false witnesses, in this and other countries did their worst. They always told us what the London *Times*, a paper of similar sort to the New York *Day-Book*, said. They told us of the clamors for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, made by the lowest type of demagogues, and perhaps by some of the starving operatives of the British when the blockade of our Southern ports cut off their accustomed supplies of cotton.

There was also a great deal of needless misunderstanding and misrepresentation concerning the Alabama—*that* vessel that pirates of England, equal to any of the old slave stealers or privateersmen of the United States, England, or any other nation, fitted out and sailed out of the Mersey one morning before day, or about three hours sooner than the officers of the navy over there were awake. And the international mischief makers tried to instigate war between our own and mother country on

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these grounds. But thanks to the overruling Providence that had put peace men in high places in that kingdom long before. Why did not those who were so fond of telling things, inform us what they said. Because they were as anxious to conceal everything that had a tendency to promote peace, as they were to expose and magnify everything that would naturally produce war. That is the reason why they never went above "the London *Times* correspondent" to tell us that the best of the Britons denounced those who sought the disruption of the United States government as the enemies of the world. That is the reason why they never mentioned the names of John Bright, or Henry Richards, or Thomas Whitewell. And it is also the reason why the lectures and labors of Henry C. Vincent, in our behalf were entirely left out of their miserable, low-bred reports. How gladly we realize that their babblings have been in vain, and how thankful the heart of every friend of humanity, that even in the midst of wars and rumors of wars the friendship of the two great English-speaking nations has been doubly reassured.

Tenth. "Thou shalt not covet." Covetousness is one of the primary causes of all murders, rebellions, and wars. Nimrod coveted before he founded the first empire. The first Napoleon coveted the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine before he stole them, and the last Napoleon coveted more of the territory along the Rhine before he made the war with William, by which he lost what had previously been obtained.

Thus a cursory glance suffices to show that every one of the Ten Commandments are commonly broken in war. And that war also breaks the eleventh commandment, and countervails the Christians' law of love, and sets at naught the Christian system of divine beneficence, none will attempt to deny.

Some have tried to make war capital out of the fact that God commanded the Ancient Hebrews, under Joshua and the Kings, to wage war with some of the other nations. But their wars

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were different from any other kind that have occurred. When the Hebrews went to war by the express commands of Jehovah against His enemies, whose cups of iniquity had been filled, who had despised the goodness and long-suffering of the Almighty, and whose day of grace, like that of the Antediluvians in time of the flood, were forever passed, they who thus fought against them met with entire success, neither were such conflicts attended by that destruction of moral feeling so generally the effect of war. But when they fought without such authority, as Ahab once did, *then* what became of them? And why was David not permitted to build the temple of the Lord?

The prophets predicted, two thousand years before the coming of Christ, that under the Christian dispensation the implements of war should be changed to the implements of husbandry. Micah says: "But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it." It occurs to my mind that perhaps the Lord is *waiting* to fulfill this gracious promise, and *will* fulfill it, whenever we choose to make use of the means which he has provided for the breaking of the bands of wickedness. We *might* break them now if we would. Christ came to save that which was lost, but *war* comes to destroy that which was saved. And if we should go no further in our gospel researches than the first paragraph of the fifth chapter of Matthew, we should find Christ's condemnation of war sufficiently pronounced, in his inculcation of the dispositions and affections most opposed to it. Let us examine the beatitudes and meditate upon the character of the eight sublime virtues upon which his benedictions were pronounced. Poverty of Spirit,—Mourning,—Meekness,—Desire of Righteousness,—Mercy,—Purity of Heart,—Peace-making,—Sufferance of Persecution. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the Children of God." Then what shall we say of war-

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makers, and whose children are they? Would there be any war-makers if all should cultivate, as a rule, the Christian graces enjoined in the beginning of the sermon on the Mount? If only professed christians should do so, would there be any significance to us in the question which makes up the second clause of the 13th verse of the chapter under consideration? And if we should heed the injunction contained in the 16th, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is Heaven," why might not our light so shine before men as to disarm them of their long cherished prejudices? Why might it not shine upon the war system of the nations, in such a manner as to divest it of all its deceitful varnish? Who can read even the first sixteen verses of the sermon on the Mount without being convinced that if the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ was turned upon war and the evil practices that underlie and promote its consummation, it would be sufficient to strip this ancient idol of its gaudy plumes and fantastic robes, its music, its glitter and its praise;

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> To lure its victims in temptation's hour,
> Through paths of fancied glory to the grave."

THE COST OF WAR

And its destruction of wealth might weigh something in the argument against it. In one Punic war, Carthage, with 100,000 houses, was burnt and destroyed, so that not a house remained. The plunder carried away by the Romans, in precious metals and jewels alone, was reported to have been equal to *five millions of pounds of silver.*

War has cost England, during the last two centuries, more than *fifteen thousand millions of dollars.*

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Our last war with England cost *us* more than a million of dollars a month. I do not know what that war cost England in *money*, but I *do* know that one of her most illustrious citizens declared that it was a disgrace to the history of his country.

The Franco-Prussian duel cost France *two and a half billions of dollars*, including the indemnity.

This war syrtem, or armed-peace system, costs the civilized world about two thousand millions of dollars per annum; or four hundred times the amount paid by all Christendom for the enlightenment and christianization of the heathen nations of the earth.

War causes greater burdens of taxation than anything else that can be named.

A simultaneous and proportionate reduction of the standing armies of the nations, is sometimes talked of. If such reduction should take place, and in the proportion of only one-fifth of what they now have, should be dispensed with it would relieve England of $20,000,000 of taxes annually, and our own country of not less than $10,000,000.

Prussia has one gun that cost $162,000. Our government has one iron-clad that cost more than the endowment of Yale College. A single 74 gunship, besides all her cost of construction and equipment, cost in time of peace, while afloat, $200,000 per annum; eight times the salary of the President of the United States.

Nearly all the taxes paid by civilized nations are made tributary, in some way, to the support of this great Dragon, *war*.

THE WASTE OF WAR.

[From a London Peace Tract.]

Give me the gold that war has cost,
  Before this peace-expanding day,
The wasted skill, the labor lost,
  The mental treasure thrown away;

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And I will buy each rood of soil,
  In every yet discovered land,
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
  Where many peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth
  In needful, nay, in brave attire,
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
  Which Kings might envy and admire.
In every vale, on every plain,
  A school shall glad the gazer's sight,
Where every poor man's child may gain
  Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

In every crowded town shall rise
  Halls, academic, amply graced,
Where ignorance may soon be wise,
  And coarseness learn both art and taste.
To every precinct shall belong
  Collegiate structures, and not few,
Filled with a truth-exploring throng,
  And teachers of the good and true.

In every free and peopled clime
  A vast Walhalla hall shall stand;
A marble edifice, sublime,
  For the illustrious of our land;
A Pantheon for the truly great,
  The wise, beneficent and just,
A place of wide and lofty state,
  To honor or to hold their dust.

A temple to attract and teach,
  Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
  Peace, mercy, temperance, good will;
Music of bells on Sabbath days,
  Round the whole earth shall gladly rise,
And one great Christian song of praise,
  Stream sweetly upward to the skies.

The universal maxim has been, "in time of peace prepare for war." And so this armed-peace system costs us of this

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glorious Republic—in time of peace—$50,000,000 per annum, paid without respect of persons, by those who believe in war, and those who do not believe in it. While our *unarmed* peace system, The American Peace Society, which aims to *prevent* rebellions at home and wars with other nations, only costs a few thousands a year, and that is paid voluntarily by those only who believe in peace.

Change the weight in the financial scale only for *one year* and give us the gold that war costs and we will undertake to change the conditions which make war necessary, or by which war comes. It would not cost a tenth part of that sum, to give to the masses of the people of every great nation, such an education of peace as would render wars impossible.

Oppression and covetousness, on the part of the leaders at the South, and ignorance on the part of the common people, were the principal causes of the rebellion, which cost our nation a million of men, killed or crippled, and nearly $8,000,000,000.

What can insure us against rebellions in future but a right education of the people, as a body, in the principles of peace?

What can change public sentiment to this end, but a ceaseless and ubiquitious agitation of the subject, to bring it in the light of the gospel before the whole people, till every reasonable man and woman in the land may see that a Congress of Nations, the perfection of all substitutes for war that have ever been proposed, is feasible, and will provide in its code and in its courts essentially the same means of peaceful justice for nations that every civilized society has for individuals and minor communities.

We have made much progress towards this. We have already established not only national, but international Sanitary Commissions, whereby all possible relief is extended to mitigate the miseries of the victims of war. Our own good Dr. Bellows assisted in the work, and millions of dollars were

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paid out by the philanthropists of Christendom as the war victims' fund in time of the Continental war, but the sympathies and contributions of the whole civilized world failed to restore one of the six hundred thousand that were killed in that miserable duel, to life. This Sanitary Commission with all the Christian efforts and combined forces and contributions of all nations, could not even give back to one poor, hopeless, helpless cripple one shattered and amputated limb. But an International Congress might *prevent* war, and thus prevent the destruction of life and limb in the future. Ours is emphatically a work of *prevention.* And since the vastly improved facilities for communication and travel have brought us into such neighborly relationship with all people, and relief societies for everything that comes to our ears pleading for suffering humanity, are formed, as has lately been illustrated in the case of the Chicago conflagration, which, in an incredibly short space of time, elicited the sympathies and contributions of two hemispheres, is it too much to hope that the friends of humanity will devise means not only to relieve those distresses which are inevitable and which human sympathy can mitigate, but to prevent those which *can* be prevented, which result from controlable circumstances, but the mischief of which no devices of philanthropy or expenditures of money can afterwards repair?

We live in a time when we may labor with living faith to control and remove the underlying causes that produce war because all the recent events of Providence have tended to open the way for the advancement of our object.

> "We are living, we are dwelling
> In a grand and awful time,
> In an age on ages telling—
> To be living is sublime."

Yes, we live in a time when the whole earth groans to be delivered from the gigantic moral evil under discussion. When

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whoever works to promote the cause of peace, labors in just that field which is whitest unto harvest, where the harvest is greatest and the labors and means most disproportionately small in comparison with the magnitude of the work. But God and humanity, the prophecies of the Old Testament and the promises of the New, are in our favor, and persons of the deepest experience and most perfect culture, as well as the most pure in heart, will co-operate with us. Let us co-operate with God and have patience to continue in a work which he has set before us, and which, sooner or later, he will certainly crown with success.

"God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day,
The good can well afford to wait,
The evil cannot brook delay.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime,
We have the future—vast, sublime,
The safe appeal of truth to time."

PROGRESS.

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

Onward, while the changing seasons
Run their still unceasing rounds,
Moves the mighty tide of progress,
Scorning custom's narrow bounds.

Glancing backward through the ages,
To the primal years of man,
Tracing mind, through all its stages
Of expanse, since time began—

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Judging by its past achievements,
  Over prejudice and space,
What may be our trust and hoping
  For the future of our race?

Struggling through the bloody cycles
  Of witch-craft and martyrdom,
Hath the ever-living spirit
  Of the world's progression come.

In the days of stage coach travel,
  Moving at a moderate speed,
Now, with magic wire and railway,
  Answering to our larger need.

Still it struggles through the ghostly
  Shades of crimes and errors slain,
Each succeeding year more zealous
  To record a larger gain.

That it may with each installment
  Some old clanking chain unbind,
For the further disinthrallment
  Of the God-like human mind.

Thus we triumph while the seasons
  Run their still unceasing rounds
And the mighty tide of progress
  Moves to God's appointed bounds.

Moves to liberty and justice,
  With a still increasing pace,
Till the glorious "Flag of Freedom,"
  Floats for all the human race.

Moves to temperance, moves to virtue,
  With majestic manhood's stride,
Till the stranded whisky barrel
  Sinks beneath the moral tide.

Moves to greater plans and labors,
  Meant to lighten human grief,
Moves to send our suffering neighbors
  Swifter and more full relief.

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Moves to that grand consummation,
  When the feuds of earth shall cease,
And the tribes of every nation
  Shall possess their homes in peace.

Nearer now, perhaps, the dawning
  Of the prophets' day of cheer,
Nearer the Millinnial morning,
  Than our doubting hearts may fear.

When the power of truth triumphant,
  Puts the evil under ban,
Earth is not so far from heaven—
  God himself draws near to man—

Lifts from groveling scenes his vision,
  Fires his heart with nobler aims,
Teaches nations how to settle
  Their vexed Alabama Claims.

These, my friends, are Christian triumphs,
  This, the gospel's march sublime,
Grandest wave of human progress,
  In the onward flow of time.

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